

CHANDAMAMA

APRIL 1976

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VALMIKI - The First Poet

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CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 6

APRIL 1976

No. 10

Founder: CHAKRAPANI

THE BUILDERS OF INDIA'S HERITAGE

"India was the motherland of our race, and Sanskrit the mother of Europe's languages; she was the mother of our philosophy; mother, through the Arabs, of much of our mathematics; mother, through the Buddha, of the ideals embodied in Christianity; mother, through the village community, of self-government and democracy. Mother India is in many ways the mother of us all," says Will Durant, the American scholar, one of the foremost thinkers of our time.

And Max Muller, the German savant, has cited an example which shows how Indian scholars influenced the thoughts of the great seekers of the world in the remote past: An Indian seeker who arrived in Athens in 5th century before Christ had a discussion with Socrates, the celebrated Greek philosopher. Socrates told the Indian that he was trying to understand the life of man. The Indian replied with a smile, "No one can understand man unless he first understood God!"

This shows the basic approach of the ancient Indians to knowledge. Whatever they discovered or achieved was a result of their effort at knowing the Divine, the supreme Truth.

Is it not worth inquiring into the life and deeds of some of the great pioneers of ancient Indian thought, science and literature? We launch a new series beginning with this issue, THE BUILDERS OF INDIA'S HERITAGE. We hope, this will help you to appreciate the wonder that was India.

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PLUS 8 COMPLETE STORIES

BESIDES OTHER REGULAR FEATURES

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. C. K. Satyaraj

Mr. C. K. Satyaraj

- * These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- * Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 30th **APRIL**
- * Winning captions will be announced in **JUNE** issue
- * Write your entry on a **POST CARD**, specify the month, give your full name address, age and post to : **PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST, CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE, MADRAS - 600 026**

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in February Issue

The prize is awarded to: Karen Maria
C/o. Mr. Taylor, St. Mary's School
Champion Reef Post, K. G. F.

Winning Entry — 'Smiling Bright' — 'Balancing Light'

NEWS FOR YOU...

World War is not over for them!

It is not even two years when Hiroo Onoda had struck headlines in the world press. He was a Japanese who was fighting in the Philippines during the World War II. He had been separated from his fellow-soldiers and was hiding inside a jungle and did not know that the war was over and that Japan had surrendered. He waited for the command from his immediate superior which did not come for 30 years! After a lot of persuasion through leaflets scattered on the jungle from planes and announcement through radio and loudspeaker, Onoda at last surrendered, at the advice of a young explorer, in 1974! A hero's welcome waited for him in Japan.

But now it seems that Onoda was not the last of the Nazi soldiers still fighting the great war! Recently a hunter, V. Garcia, returned from a jungle in the Mindoro island in the Philippines with a number of photographs of a Japanese soldier who is hiding there since the World War, ignorant of the fact that the war was over!

The Old Good Earth

The latest theory about the age of the earth comes from a Soviet

....AND SOME VIEWS TOO

A Guide to 20th Century Thoughts on Past

Past time is only evil at a distance.

—Aldous Huxley

Nothing changes more constantly than the past; for the past that influences our lives does not consist of what actually happened but of what men believe happened.

—Gerald W. Jaohanson

Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.

—George Santayana

Each had his past shut in him like the leaves of a book known to him by heart; and his friends could only read the title.

—Virginia Woolf

The past has revealed to me the structure of the future.

—Teilhard De Chardin

palaentologist, Boris Timofeyev. (Palaentology is the branch of science concerned with the study of the fossils of plants and animals and their geological periods.) From rock samples drawn out from a depth of 6 Km in the Ukrainian hills, samples which are three times older than the most ancient organic remains hitherto known to the scientists, Timofeyev declares the age of the earth as 2,000 million years.



LEGENDS OF INDIA

A STRANGE CATCH!

Among the greatest seers of ancient India was Chyavan, the son of Bhrigu. How great was his valour would be evident from the very peculiar circumstance of his birth. While he was in his mother's womb, a giant attacked her and tried to take her away forcibly. Out came Chyavan of his mother's womb and destroyed the demon at once!

But valour or anger was not all with him. The incident we would presently narrate should tell you about a different aspect of his nature.

Once Chyavan undertook penance at the confluence of the Ganga and the Yamuna. He remained submerged in water

for years. The creatures of the rivers such as the turtles and the fish became his friends.

All went fine until a batch of fishermen appeared on the scene and threw their nets into the confluence. You can imagine their surprise when they found the great grave seer among their catch!

They prostrated themselves to the seer and said, "O blessed soul! Have mercy on us. Tell us whether you would like to be placed in the water again or go anywhere else. We are at your service."

Answered the seer, "These fish and the crabs and the turtles you have captured are my friends. Consider me as

one of them and do unto me what you would do unto them!"

The fishermen were perplexed. Some of them ran to the king whose name was Nahus and informed him of the strange event. The king rushed to the spot and entreated the seer to pay a visit to his palace.

"These fishermen have caught me. I am their property. You must pay my price to them before you can take me with you!" said Chyavan.

"Most gladly!" exclaimed King Nahus and he offered a thousand gold coins to the fishermen as the price of the seer.

"But the amount is not enough to buy me off them," observed Chyavan.

The king went on offering higher and higher price. At last he offered his entire kingdom. Even then Chyavan did

not seem to be sure that that was his just price!

An old Brahmin who saw the drama whispered to the king, "A cow is the most precious thing in the eyes of a seer. Why don't you put forth a cow as the price of Chyavan?"

The king became wiser and did as advised by the Brahmin. Chyavan was at once satisfied. The king gave the fishermen a number of cows as the price for their entire catch which included the fish, the crabs and the turtles. Chyavan then had the satisfaction of letting these friendly creatures go back into the water—their sweet home.

Thereafter he blessed the king by paying a visit to his palace and blessed the fishermen for and departed for his Ashram at the foot of Vaidurya hills on the bank of the river Narmada.



WHOSE IS THE CHILD?

Rajan and his wife Usha quarrelled bitterly. Their friends advised them to live separately. Accordingly Usha went away to her father's house. She took away her infant daughter with her, in spite of Rajan's protests.

Rajan went to the landlord and pleaded that he be allowed to keep his daughter with himself. The landlord summoned Usha and said, "Look here, my daughter! When you came to your husband's house, you had brought no daughter. It was your husband who gave you the daughter. Hence, the daughter should be with him."

The daughter was very fond of her mother. But she was obliged to live with her father. When she was a little grown up, she got some money as gift from her grandfather. She bought a bull and every day left it on the pasture where the landlord's cows grazed.

One of the cows of the landlord gave birth to a calf. The little girl took away the calf to her house. When this was reported to the landlord, he summoned the girl and called for an explanation. Said the girl, "Sir, I have only followed the principle laid down by you. The bull which fathered the calf is mine. Naturally, the calf belongs to me!"

The landlord realised his error. But he was delighted with the girl's wit. In the meanwhile Rajan and Usha had reconciled. Theirs was a happy family again.



A QUESTION OF DESTINY

Cool and sharp wind was whistling through the deserted cremation ground. The sky was dark with clouds. Shrieks and weird laughter of ghosts could be heard frequently. King Vikram, determined to carry the corpse along with him, climbed the tree again and brought it down.

No sooner had he begun walking than the vampire that had possessed the corpse, said, "O King, I do not understand why you are taking such troubles in this eerie night. Perhaps it is your destiny to do so. It seems whatever is destined shall happen. There is no need for making any special effort to bring about what is ordained. It is equally futile to try to change the course of destiny. Let me tell you a story to drive home this point. Listen and you will find some relief."

Went on the vampire: In days gone by the land of Chandanpur was ruled by a





king named Nandan Verma. He got a son rather at a late age. As soon as the prince was born, the court astrologer was summoned to prepare his horoscope. The astrologer took note of the time and returned home.

Back at home, the astrologer saw that his wife too had given birth to a son. He sat down to prepare horoscopes for both the babies.

Soon he was surprised to find out that both the boys were destined to have some remarkable experiences when they would be twenty years old. His own son was to ascend the throne then, while the prince

was to face some danger to his life!

The astrologer was expected to reveal the prince's destiny to the king. But he did not do so. He thought that his son ascending the throne and the prince facing danger were related to each other. May be, his son cannot get the throne unless the prince had faced the danger.

When the king sent for the astrologer, he went and told him, "My Lord! The prince will lead a happy and prosperous life. However, do not arrange for his coronation before he had passed the age of twenty. That would ensure the safety of his reign."

The prince was named as Ananda while the astrologer's son was named as Sundar. As they grew up, they studied under the same teacher, played together and became friends. They entered their twentieth year.

One day Sundar told his father, "I have a great desire to learn astrology further. I wish to visit some famous places of learning."

"I have no objection to your travel provided you promise to return within six months," said the astrologer.

"I will do so, father!" replied

Sundar. Six months passed. But Sundar did not return. The astrologer felt more and more anxious as days passed, for, his son ought to become king before the year had run out!

By and by eleven months passed. King Nandan Verma declared that soon after the prince would complete his twentieth year he would be crowned the king.

The astrologer was upset. How is it that no danger befell the prince yet? How can his own son ascend the throne unless the prince died or some accident made him unfit?

He became possessed by a dark idea. He must do something himself to pave the way for his son getting the kingdom.

He knew that every evening the prince retired into the garden and sat in meditation under a tree for an hour. He carried a boulder into the garden and tied a rope around it. He kept the boulder hanging from a branch, quite high, below which the prince sat. He sat hidden on another tree, holding the end of the rope.

The prince sat down under the tree as usual. The minister suddenly left the rope. Instantly the boulder came crashing



down. The minister, sure of the result, ran away.

But it so happened that just before the boulder was to fall, the prince had left his seat in order to pluck a beautiful flower from a nearby plant. Thus he escaped death.

He was stunned. Who could have planned to kill him? He wondered. But he did not speak about it to anybody.

From distance the astrologer saw that the prince remained unhurt. He felt as though he would go mad. The same night he managed to enter the palace with a sharp dagger in his hand. He was surprised as well as



happy to see that soldiers who guarded the apartment of the prince were soundly asleep. Taking cautious steps the astrologer entered the prince's bed-chamber. The prince seemed to be lost in a deep slumber. The astrologer knelt down on the bed and raised his dagger.

In the next moment the prince caught him by his wrist. The astrologer turned as pale as a ghost. Armed bodyguards were eager to pounce upon him. But the prince stopped them and asked the astrologer, "It is strange that of all persons you should try to kill me. Luckily, my guards and myself were only

pretending to be asleep, anticipating your visit, for, your first attempt to kill me in the garden failed. Tell me, why have you undertaken this strange mission?" The trembling astrologer told everything.

The prince laughed and said, "Well, your astrological prediction came true! Don't you see that I faced danger through your action? Now, about your son becoming a king, who can say that he has not already become a king of some other land?"

What the prince said proved true. Sundar, the astrologer's son, while passing through a neighbouring kingdom, had saved the king of that land from death in the hands of a band of rebels. The grateful old king, who was childless, chose him as his heir. Sundar, after his coronation, hurried back to his father to give him the happy news.

Prince Ananda Verma not only pardoned the astrologer, but also requested him to continue in his court. But the astrologer was so deeply ashamed of his conduct that he left the kingdom with his son.

As years passed, both Ananda and Sundar proved themselves

kind and efficient rulers. They remained friends and they met from time to time. But Sundar's father, the old astrologer, never showed his face to Ananda again. Ananda never told Sundar all that had been done by his father to make the heroscopes' prediction true. Instead he sent several gifts to the old man on festive days.

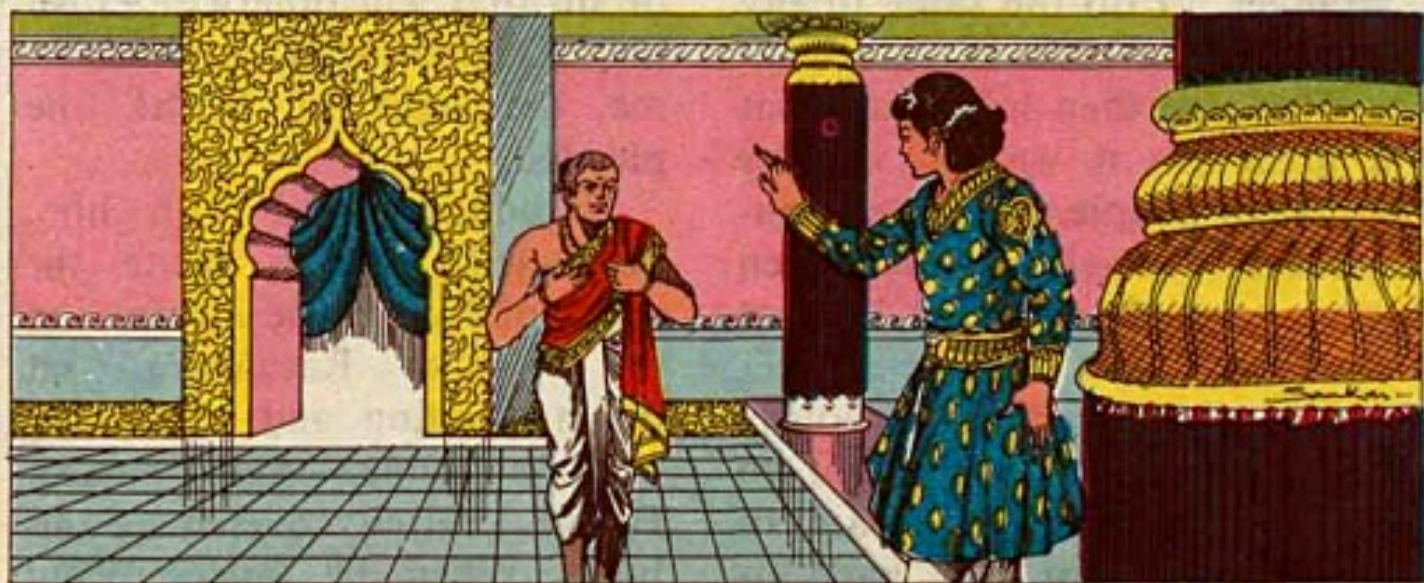
The vampire concluded the story here and asked the king, "O great ruler! How is it that Ananda Verma requested the astrologer to continue in his court although the latter had tried to kill him twice? It is said that to fulfil destiny man should cooperate with the gods. The astrologer was trying to do that. Why did he not succeed? O King, if you know the answers and yet choose to keep mum, your head would get

shattered!"

Answered King Vikram, "Ananda Verma, no doubt, was a man of enlightenment. He knew that the astrologer had no hatred for him. He also knew that the astrologer's knowledge of his science was deep. So he wanted to retain his services.

Man should cooperate with his destiny in a healthy and wise way. Thereby he earns the love of the gods. When he tries to take advantage of what is written in his destiny in a mean, greedy way, he suffers, as the astrologer suffered from shame. Destiny has many ways of fulfilling itself, with or without our cooperation."

As soon as the king finished his answer, the corpse gave him the slip and was found back in the tree, hanging from a branch.



VALMIKI - The First Poet

Cool was the forest and the river flowed murmuring sweetly. Narada, the jolly wise sage, walked by a lonely road, singing to himself.

But his song stopped abruptly. He found himself face to face with a terrible-looking stranger who was about to bring down his axe on his head.

"Stop!" shouted the sage, not with horror, but with a serene command in his tone.

"You wish to say your last prayers, eh? All right, do it quickly," said the stranger rudely.

"But why are you so eager to kill me?" asked the sage.

"To rob you of whatever you have, of course!" replied the stranger, "I do the same to any traveller!"

The sage then told him what a great sin it was to murder innocent people. Had the stranger ever thought of the burden of consequence he must shoulder?

No, the stranger obviously had never given a thought to it. But he was not afraid of the burden, for, he had his

family to share it with him!

"No, they will not share any part of your burden of sin," insisted the sage. The bandit was not prepared to believe him. He ran home. To his disappointment he soon found out that what the sage said was indeed true. The members of the family told him that it was his duty to maintain them. How he did so was entirely his business. They had not asked him to take to the path of sin. Why then should they share the consequence of his deeds?

The bandit, whose name was Ratnakara, and who was the son of a rishi, fell at the sage's feet. "Free me from the burden of sin that will otherwise crush me, O great soul, and show me the light of truth!" he pleaded.

Narada, pleased with him, instructed him to recite the name of Rama, the incarnation of Vishnu. Ratnakara sat down, reciting and meditating on the name. Ages passed. He was entirely covered by ant-hills. When he emerged out

of the ant-hills as well as his trance at the call of his master, Narada, he had grown into an enlightened sage. Soon he became famous as Valmiki—one who came out of *Valmika* which meant the ant-hill.

Valmiki built his Ashram on the bank of the river Tamasa that flowed through Dandakaranya. (For the story of the origin of this great forest, see the *Chandamama* of November, 1975.)

One day, while Valmiki was returning to his cottage after bathing in the river, he was shocked to see a bird, one of a playful pair, suddenly killed by a hunter. The other bird gave out shrieks of anguish. The

sage was enraged. At once he uttered a powerful warning and curse for the hunter who had been too cruel in killing the bird while it was playing with its mate. Later, Valmiki realised that the rhythm and the style in which he uttered the words were something new. According to the Indian tradition, this was the first ever poetic verse. This had been an inspired utterance. The inspiration had come from the Supreme Creator, Brahma, who now desired Valmiki to write an epic on the life of Rama.

In the meanwhile Rama had rescued his wife Sita from Lanka after destroying Ravana the demon-king. Rama and Sita



had returned to Ayodhya where they reigned as the king and the queen. But some ignorant people thought it improper on part of Rama to continue to have Sita as the queen since Sita had been a demon's prisoner for a while. As a mark of respect for the sentiment of his subjects, Rama arranged to send Sita away to Valmiki's Ashram. There Sita gave birth to her lovely twins, Lava and Kusha.

While the boys were growing up, Valmiki was proceeding with the composition of his great epic, the *Ramayana*. Lava and Kusha learnt the epic by heart. A time came when Valmiki led the boys to Rama's court where they sang the *Ramayana* to a charmed audience. Rama recognised his sons at last.

Great is the influence the *Ramayana* has exercised on the culture and literatures of the people of India through the ages. Out of the incidents of this epic have emerged innumerable festivals, legends, customs, and proverbs of the country. While there have been several versions of the *Ramayana* in India, the story travelled to several countries in centuries gone by and influenced their literatures too.

When did Valmiki, the *Adikavi* or India's first poet, lived? Scholars are divided on this issue. But most of them would agree that he lived sometime three to four thousand years ago.

But is not the *Adikavi* very much alive even to this day, through the great impact of his immortal epic?





RIVAL IS THE HELPER

Several years ago there was a famous toy-maker at Raspur. He had two sons named Ramdatta and Somadatta. Ramdatta had learnt the art of toy-making from his father with great devotion. When the father died, Ramdatta continued in the business.

Somadatta evinced a keen interest in study. After he completed his education at the nearby school, Ramdatta sent him to a famous scholar, Jagannath Pundit, who lived in the city of Madura.

Jagannath had a number of worthy pupils. But Somadatta soon excelled all. His achievement made him very proud.

But soon the pundit got a new pupil named Anand. The newcomer was not only extraordinarily brilliant, but also humble and noble in his personal conduct. No wonder that he would win everybody's praise and love.

Somadatta became terribly jealous of Anand. He lost the peace of mind. But he never showed it. He pretended to be kind and affectionate towards Anand.

One day the pupils of Jagannath made a trip into the forest. It was for joy as well as for learning about the medicinal plants. Somadatta put his arm on Anand's shoulder and talking to him sweetly, led



him to a lonely part of the forest. Then he gave him a sudden push and as soon as Anand fell down, he picked up a boulder to smash his head with it. But before he could bring the boulder down, he heard a number of boys shouting "Stop, Somadatta, what are you doing?"

His friends had, for some reason, happened to come that way. When Somadatta saw them, he threw away the boulder and ran away.

When Somadatta, looking pale, reached home, his brother, Ramdatta, asked him, "What is the matter? Have you finished

your course with the pundit?" Somadatta did not reply. But Ramdatta heard everything from a person whom the pundit had sent to him with a private message.

After a few days it was found that a stranger has opened a new shop to sell toys, facing Ramdatta's shop. The stranger attracted more customers than Ramdatta did. Somadatta thought that people always felt an attraction for new things and that such fascination was not likely to last.

But as days passed, he heard people praising the stranger's products. His brother's business was becoming dull. Somadatta, who had a great faith in his brother's craftsmanship, refused to believe that the stranger surpassed his brother in the art of toy-making.

One day Ramdatta did not turn up for his lunch in time. Somadatta proceeded towards the shop to call him. On his way he met a villager returning with a couple of toys. "From which shop did you buy these?" queried Somadatta. "From the new one," was the reply. Somadatta examined the toys carefully and found that they were in no way different from

what his brother sold!

Somadatta felt sad for his brother and angry at the stranger. He decided to put fire to the rival shop secretly at night.

On reaching the shop Somadatta found his brother engrossed in making a toy, in imitation of a model exhibited in front of the stranger's shop.

It was after a long time that Ramdatta looked at Somadatta and said, "I am late for lunch, am I? I had forgotten time." Then, while coming home with Somadatta, he continued, "I had never learnt so much in my life as I have learnt during the last two months. Our

rival is a gifted craftsman and I have laboured hard to match his products. Now I am quite satisfied with my progress. I feel so grateful to the stranger!"

Somadatta did not speak. But he was experiencing a great change within himself. Without saying a word to his brother, he proceeded to Madura the same afternoon. He apologised for his conduct to Anand and fell flat at the pundit's feet. He was excused by both. Soon Anand found a true friend in him.

When Somadatta returned home after the completion of his studies, his brother asked





him, "Why did you go away so suddenly?"

"Brother! You opened my eyes. I learnt that if one had the right attitude, one could benefit from any situation. If your rival could become a cause for your progress, why should my rival be only a cause for my jealousy? So I

returned to the pundit. Now I feel so rewarded!" replied Somadatta.

"I too feel rewarded for all my acting. My rival was my friend. He was selling the toys I had made. I arranged the drama for your benefit. I am glad that my goal was achieved," said Ramdatta.

FUN WITH SCIENCE

THE MYSTERIOUS CIRCLES



Here is a curious toy you can show to your friends. Copy the diagram on to a piece of stout white paper measuring 5 ins. by 3 ins. The two ruled lines should begin at the midpoint of the 'top' edge. Press a pin through the middle of the card, then spin it upon the pin.

You will be amazed to see a pattern of two spiralling circles, as the card spins. This happens because there are points upon both lines which spin more slowly than other points, therefore they take rings of concentrated blackness.



THE SULTAN'S TRIAL

Giasuddin, the Pathan sultan of Bengal, was very much fond of hunting. Not far from his palace, he had a forest reserved for his own sport.

One morning, inside the forest, the sultan gave chase to a deer. It was not easy to take aim at the frisky animal. At last when the sultan discharged his arrow, it struck a little boy instead of the deer.



Attracted by the boy's cry, his mother came running to him. The sultan left the scene, but he immediately sent physicians to treat the boy. The boy however, died.



Although the mother of the boy did not know who killed the boy, she rushed to the palace and rang the bell. When the Kazi appeared on the balcony, she complained, "My son was killed in your forest, obviously by someone who is your man!"

The sultan told her, "You should go to the Kazi with your complaint. It is his duty to give you justice."



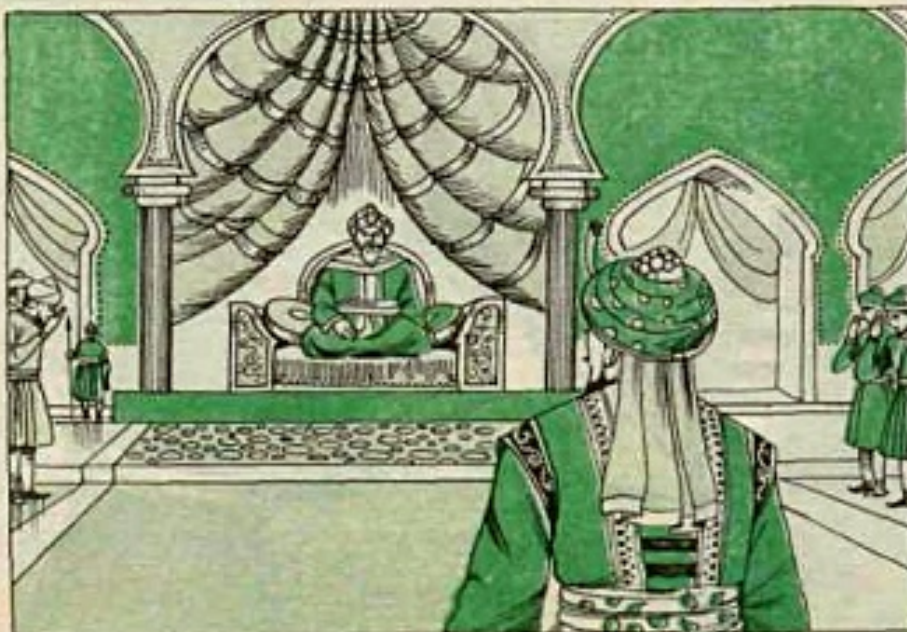
The woman went to the Kazi's court and stated her grievance. The Kazi knew very well that none but the sultan hunted in that particular forest. He did not know what to do.

Soon the sultan's private letter reached the Kazi. "It is my arrow that by mistake struck the boy dead. Do the needful," said the message. The Kazi was in a fix. "The sultan perhaps wants me to hush up the case," he thought.



But the Kazi came to a firm decision. He summoned the sultan to undergo the trial in accordance with the law. The news spread. A big crowd followed the sultan to the Kazi's court.

When the sultan entered the Kazi's court, everybody stood up and bowed to him. But not the Kazi. He kept sitting gravely and told himself, "Perhaps the sultan will kill me. But I will not yield to fear. I will give justice."





Said the Kazi to the sultan, "You have already confessed to your guilt. Do what is necessary to please the bereaved woman. You will be acquitted since you killed the boy by mistake, if she pardons you. Otherwise you must be punished."

The sultan lost no time in apologising to the woman. He gave her a good amount of gold mohurs as compensation. The woman was pleased.



As soon as that was done, the Kazi came down and bowed to the sultan and said, "My lord, now that the trial is over, please be seated in the chair!"

The sultan brought out a hidden whip and said, "I had decided to whip you in public if you had not given justice. But now I am proud of you." Then the sultan embraced the Kazi.



FROM TOY BRIDE TO TRUE BRIDE

A certain old woman who lived in a village had nobody in the world excepting a grandson. She had brought him up with a great deal of affection. The boy, whose name was Shriman, was strong and brave, but he was whimsical and he did not do any work seriously.

When Shriman grew up to be a young man, he found his friends, one after another, getting married. He told his grandmother, "I must marry. Find a bride for me. This is urgent!"

"How can I find a bride for a young man who does not possess even a paisa?" asked the woman.

"Will you arrange for my marriage if I get that amount?" asked Shriman in his turn.

"First let me see you get the amount, then I will think of searching for a bride," replied the granny.

Shriman went away. We do not know where he got it, but he returned in the evening with a paisa.

Sporting the paisa before the granny, he shouted, "Look at this. Unless you arrange for my marriage before the evening tomorrow, I will leave you and go away wherever my nose would lead me."

The granny knew that Shriman meant what he said. She



laboured throughout the day and made a big toy bride. She clad the toy in a saree and placed it inside a room.

Shriman returned in the evening, shouting, "Where is my bride, granny?"

The granny pointed at the toy bride and said, "There is she. Take this garland and put it around her neck. That will be enough. She will become your wife."

"But what about a priest and what about a feast? Why should my marriage be different from the marriages of my friends?" demanded Shriman.

"Sonny! How on earth can

all that be arranged with a single paisa? Now, either you marry her in the simple way I have shown or I send her back to her parents. You should thank me that I could get a bride for a good-for-nothing fellow like you!" shouted back the old woman.

Shriman was not willing to let the bride go away. He picked up the garland and put it around the toy's neck.

Shriman then started talking to the bride. "What is your name? What will you like to eat? Should I go and pluck a pair of guavas for you? Once I knew half a dozen alphabets. Do you know any?"

But as there was no answer from the toy, he got very angry. He fetched a stick and gave the toy a beating and then left the house.

The granny removed the broken toy from the room. But Shriman came back in the morning and asked, "Where is my wife?"

"Very fond of your wife, are you? Are you not ashamed to ask about her? You gave her a beating and naturally she left for her parents' house!" replied the granny.

"I am sorry. But tell me

where is her parents' house. I will go forthwith and bring her back," said Shriman.

The granny wanted to get rid of Shriman for the time being. She said, "Go to the village beyond the forest. The bride lives in a house at the end of the village."

Shriman hurried to the village beyond the forest and entered a house that was situated at the end of the village. Inside the house sat a young man who looked at Shriman in surprise.

"I am very sorry for my conduct. Please forget all I did. Allow my bride to come with me," Shriman told the young man.

The young man embraced Shriman with tears of joy rolling down his cheeks.

It so happened that the young man had a younger sister whose marriage had been arranged,

years ago, while she was a small girl. But the bridegroom proved a crackpot. He fled away just before the marriage was solemnised. Years passed. The father of the bride died. The brother of the bride, who was then too young to know who the bridegroom was, now took it for granted that Shriman was the fellow. He lost no time in calling a priest and performing the sister's marriage with Shriman.

"My father, while on his death-bed, left the instruction that my sister's husband should get half of our property. So, please do not forget to come back soon and claim your share," the bride's brother informed Shriman before Shriman led his wife to his grandma, in a cart provided by his brother-in-law!





To Fight

It was the year 1798. There was a rebellion in Ireland, against the British domination of the country.

Among the soldiers sent by the British to suppress the rebellion were Hessians—troops recruited from Hesse in Germany. The Hessians were fond of crude fun and they found unusual ways of amusing themselves.

Kilkenny was an old town of Ireland which had been the strong place of the rebels. The Hessian soldiers had proceeded there to fight the rebels.

After a day's operation the soldiers retired to their camp. For some time past they had hit upon a novel sport. They captured two cats and tied them together by their tails. The agitated and terrified cats, naturally, raised an infernal noise. The soldiers clapped their hands

and laughed and danced around them.

Their officer, who knew about this cruel sport and thought of putting an end to such a practice, came rushing at the jolly crowd. The soldiers were alerted only seconds before his appearing on the scene. To open the knot of the cats' tails would have taken time. A soldier stepped forward and cut the tails from their roots. The tail-less cats escaped. All that the officer could see on his arrival was the pair of tails.

"What is this?" he demanded.

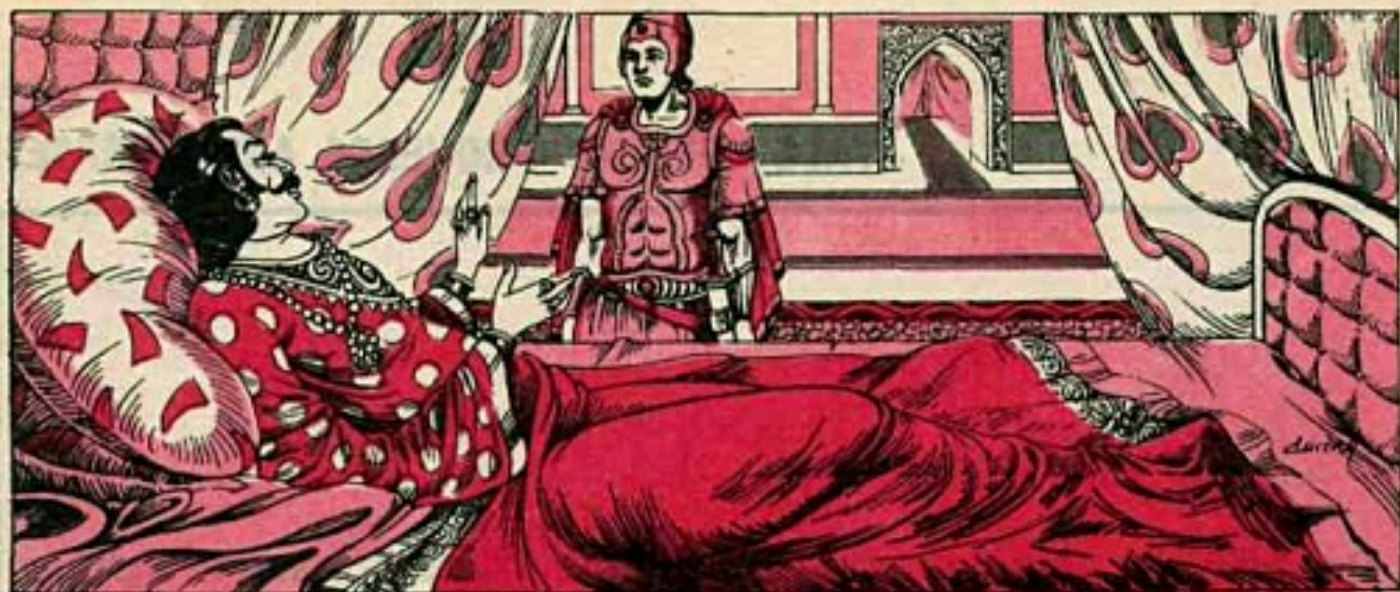
A dead silence prevailed for a minute. When the officer repeated his question looking at a particular soldier, he stammered out, "Sir! Two cats were fighting. They completely devoured each other. Only the tails remain!"

We do not know what was

Like Kilkenny Cats

the officer's reaction. But the story got a speedy circulation. "To fight like Kilkenny cats" came to mean a severe fighting with the possibility of both sides losing everything they have.





Learning In The Battlefield

A few centuries ago Adityapur was ruled by a king named Surasen. Chandrasen was the name of his only son.

Once Adityapur was attacked by a neighbouring king. King Surasen was then sick. Chandrasen who was a brave young prince, led the army to defend the kingdom.

But when the prince came to meet the king before departing for the frontier, the king said, "My son! Although you have courage and sincerity, you lack experience. Our commander-in-chief is rich in experience. Do not forget to abide by his advice."

The prince heard his father's instruction with due attention, but he did not feel convinced about it. He remembered of another battle that had taken

place a few years ago. The king then led the army. At a certain stage of the battle the king retreated. Instantly the commander and the army too retreated. The prince had developed the notion that all depended on the person who was the supreme leader of the army, not on the army itself, not even on the commander. Of course, if the king or the prince was not present in the battlefield and the commander was the supreme boss of the army, then his conduct would be the deciding factor.

Now, during the first two days of the battle it appeared to the prince as though his side was going to win. But the situation seemed reversed on the third day. On the fourth

day the prince felt that his defeat was inevitable. He told the commander, "Let us retreat. Later we will attack the enemy with a bigger army."

But replied the commander, "O prince, it will be suicidal on our part to retreat at this stage. We are on the verge of winning a victory. Leave the matter to me and relax."

"You are disobeying my order, Commander!" shouted the prince.

The commander did not answer back. Instead he went on fighting till victory was his by the evening. But the victory did not please the prince much. He felt humiliated. He did not talk to the commander. He did not even look at him during their triumphant return journey.

Back in the capital, the prince and the commander were given a grand reception. King Surasen had by then recovered. He came out to receive them, but soon he could feel that his son was not as happy as he should be. Later the prince privately told the king all about his humiliation. The king smiled and said, "This reminds me an old incident," and he narrated the incident: Ajikarta was the name of a young man who received his



education in the Ashram of a famous guru. When he returned to his land after completing his study, the land was in the grip of tension, for, enemies were trying to invade it. Spies had spread all over the land and police were alert.

A sepoy saw the young scholar and asked him, "Who are you? Friend or foe?"

"Neither friend nor foe," replied the scholar.

To all the sepoy's questions, the scholar's answers were vague. The annoyed sepoy arrested him and produced him before the king on the suspicion that he could be an enemy spy.

The scholar's replies were not quite different to the king's questions either. The king asked his sepoy to throw the scholar into the gaol. Just then another young man who was the son of a courtier, intervened and said, "My lord! I know this boy. He was a pupil of my guru."

The guru was requested to come to the court. Ajikarta was freed when the guru identified him as his pupil. After he regained his freedom, Ajikarta told the guru, "Sir! I spoke nothing wrong. Why were they going to punish me?"

"Though you did not speak anything wrong, you spoke right things at the wrong places. Your philosophical answers could have been suitable for a different audience. They were an enigma to the sepoy and the king who are worried about

the immediate danger to the land," said the guru.

After narrating the incident, the king concluded, "My son! It is true that the commander had retreated when I had retreated. But that was because we were both experienced in battles and the commander had no doubt about my prudence. Theories of war and war in practice were different things. As I told you, you were inexperienced. The commander could not have obeyed you when he knew for certain that victory was coming to us. You should not take this as insult, but as education." The young prince saw light in his father's words. He met the commander and apologised for his conduct in the battlefield. The commander smiled and said, "I've brought the victory for you, afterall!"





Wealth under the Graveyard

Kamal and Vimal were two merchants who had their shops facing each other. Their village was a prosperous one and they had brisk business. But each one desired to become richer than the other.

One morning, while Kamal was just opening his shop, he heard a mendicant singing,

Under the graveyard

Lies the treasure,

Dig and find that

Source of pleasure!

As soon as Kamal heard the song, he remembered of one Osman who had died ten years ago. Osman's ancestors were rich landlords. But Osman had become a pauper. However, *he always carried a beautiful*

casket with him, never separating from it even while he was asleep. Some people thought that the casket contained a treasure in form of gold and diamonds coming down from his forefathers. When Osman died, a kind villager arranged to bury him along with his casket.

Was the mendicant referring to Osman's buried wealth? Kamal wondered. Then he ran to the mendicant and asked in a suppressed tone, "Sir! Are you sure that I will find the wealth if I dig?"

"I am sure. You have of course to make the effort in the right way," said the mendicant and he went away.

Kamal looked at Vimal's



shop. Vimal was busy cleaning his doorsteps and it appeared to Kamal that he had not heard what transpired between himself and the mendicant.

In the evening Kamal confided to his wife the secret he had got from the mendicant.

"It is not wise to delay in such matters. Why not proceed to the graveyard this very night and try to find the wealth?" said his wife.

Kamal was not brave enough to go to the burial ground all alone. He asked his servant to accompany him. The servant promised to come at midnight.

But the fellow did not turn

up. Kamal went to his house to wake him up if he was asleep. But he was not to be found.

Kamal decided to proceed alone. As he approached the graveyard with a throbbing heart, he saw, in the faint moonlight, Vimal busy digging Osman's grave. Kamal kept his disgust to himself and waited behind a tree to see the result of Vimal's labour.

Vimal soon found the casket and opened it. Inside the casket was a bundle. He had half opened it when a ghastly being emerged from a nearby ditch and screamed at him, "You ras-

cal! You are stealing my wealth, are you?"

Vimal left the bundle and stood up and trembling like a banana leaf before wind, said, "Pardon me, O Osman's ghost! I will not touch a' pie of your precious treasure!" He then ran away like a kicked dog.

Kamal too was shivering behind the tree. But when the 'ghost' itself sat down and tried to open the bundle, he got suspicious and came closer. Just then a drop of blood fell on a hand of the 'ghost'. Looking upward, the 'ghost' saw a pair of burning eyes. The ghost shrieked and ran away, leaving

the bundle there. His mask fell down. Kamal recognised the 'ghost'. He was none other than his own servant!

Kamal felt awfully angry with the servant. But that was not the time to take him to task. He controlled himself and was happy to see the servant crossing the compound of the graveyard and disappearing.

Kamal now came near the grave and looked upward. The burning eyes were those of an owl. The blood had dripped from a tiny bird which the owl was then devouring.

Now that both Vimal and the servant had departed, Kamal



was happy. He thanked the medicant and thanked his own luck.

Then with great expectations, he opened the bundle. But there was nothing inside it excepting a worn-out garment of a woman. That must have belonged to Osman's wife who had died long before him. Osman carried it about as a fond symbol of her memory!

Suddenly somebody shouted, "Who is there?" Kamal looked in the direction of the sound and saw a burning torch. He wanted to run away, but he was soon captured by the strong man who was the guard of the graveyard. Unable to recognise Kamal in the dark, the guard shouted and several villagers collected there. Kamal fainted out of shame and frustration. It took him a fortnight to recover. He had to pay a fine

to the village committee for having violated the sanctity of a grave.

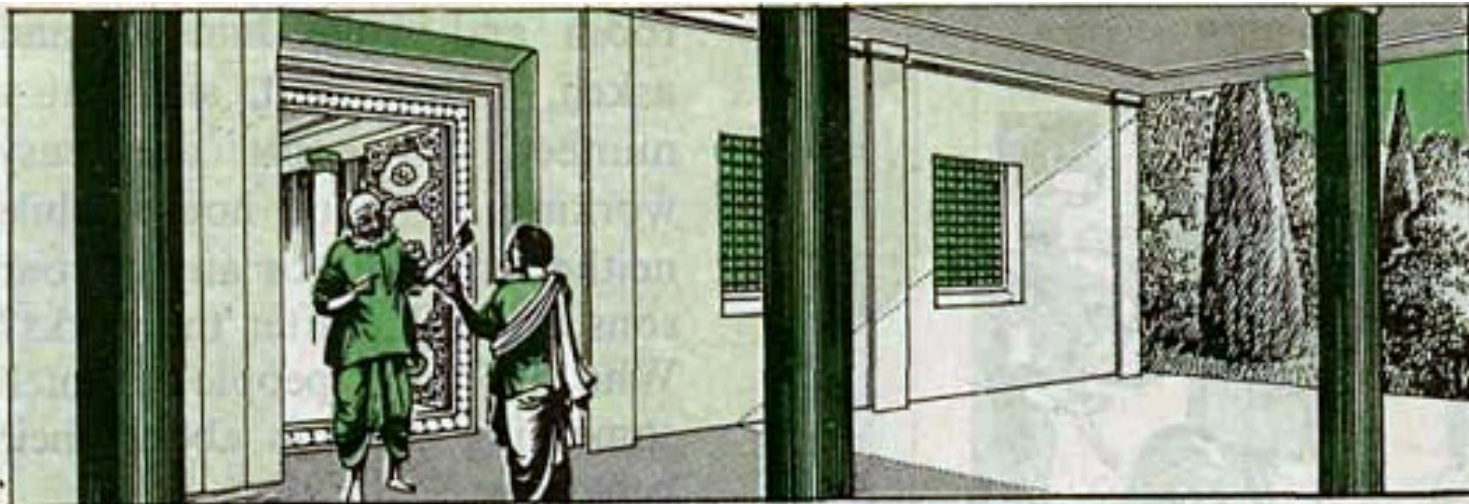
Vimal and the servant could not be punished as there was no direct evidence against them.

Several months later, Kamal saw the same mendicant passing by his shop, singing the same song. Kamal rushed to him and cried out, "You are a liar! There was no wealth under the graveyard!"

The mendicant at first looked surprised. Then he smiled and said, "My son! This world, this life, are like a graveyard. If you wish to find the truth, you have to go deep within yourself and know your soul. That is what my song says. I am no liar. But you are yet to develop the capacity to understand things properly."

Kamal quietly returned to his shop.





A NIGHT AT THE OLD VILLA

Once Seshadri visited a distant village on business. While returning he happened to enter a forest. He could not find the way which led to his village. Instead, he took to another road and saw some other village at the end of the forest.

Between the forest and that village stood an old villa, covered with creepers and surrounded by bushes. Seshadri was tired. Desiring to find shelter there, he knocked on the door.

After a while an old man opened the door and gazed at Seshadri.

"I am a traveller who has lost his way. Can I stay in your house for tonight?"

The old man continued to gaze at him for still some time and said, "Are you not the son of Arjun Das of village Hari-pur?"

"I am. But how did you know that?" asked Seshadri with surprise.

The old man smiled and while showing Seshadri the way in, said, "Your father was my childhood friend. We were studying under the same teacher. But we have not met for decades. From your facial features I could guess that you were Arjun's son. Nice you came. Tomorrow is a festive day. Please enjoy the festival with us and then leave day after tomorrow." The old man then introduced Seshadri to his wife and children. He was received by all with affection. After dinner he was shown a nice room with a comfortable bed.

Seshadri plunged into a sound sleep. But his slumber terminated at midnight. He could hear the sound of some activities



going on in the house, although he heard no human voice.

He came out of his room. Peeping into the next room, he found his old host asleep. But looking around he saw a number of men and women busy brushing the floor and cleaning utensils and furniture. Going towards the kitchen he saw some women preparing to cook a variety of items which had already been kept arranged on the floor.

These men and women even did not care to look at Seshadri. To his several questions not a single answer was received.

Seshadri could not check his curiosity. He entered the host's

room and woke him up and asked, "How is it, sir, that a number of people are busy working in your house while neither yourself nor any of your sons is looking after the works? Who are these people? I smell something strange about their behaviour."

The old man asked Seshadri to sit down and then said, "There is nothing strange about it although it used to intrigue us in the beginning. This villa once belonged to a prosperous landlord who had a big staff of servants. In course of time they all died. There was nobody left in the landlord's family. After many years the villa came to my possession. But in festive nights the ghosts of the servants come back and work hard and do everything for us."

Seshadri gave out a cry of surprise and fear. But the host said, "Do not be afraid, my son, they do not harm us in any way. Go back to your bed."

Seshadri returned to his bed, but he could not sleep any more. He was jealous of his host. "Why should the old man alone benefit from the ghosts? Can't I take advantage of these mysterious spirits?" he thought.

Seshadri came out again. He saw that the ghosts had almost done everything concerning the festival. They were now busy colouring the walls and decorating the entrance.

Seshadri went near them and said, "Why are you working hard for these people? Don't you realise that they even don't care for you? Don't you see that they are soundly asleep while you are dying with hard work? Come with me to our house. You will work there leisurely and I will take care of you."

But he got no response from the ghosts. He spoke to them

politely again and again. When they did not listen, he threatened them. But when they did not even raise their heads, he became angry and gave a blow to one of them and shouted, "You stupid creatures, why don't you reply?"

Instantly the ghosts surrounded him and lifting him up, threw him out of the house. There was a shallow, muddy pool outside. He fell flat in it.

He felt dazed for a while. Then he got up slowly. His clothes, legs, hands and face had been soiled. He did not know what to do. But it was already dawn by then and the





ghosts had disappeared. The old man came out of the house and was surprised to see Seshadri in that condition. "What happened to you?" he asked.

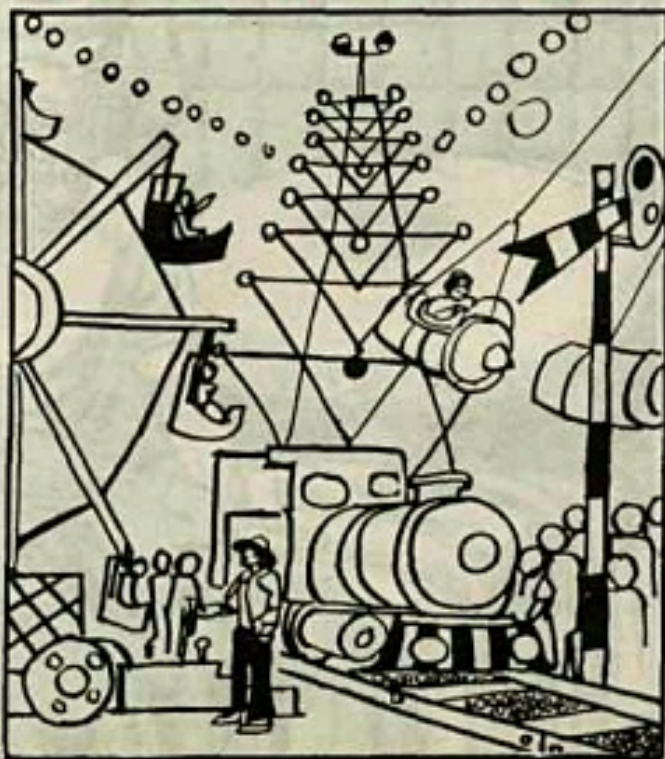
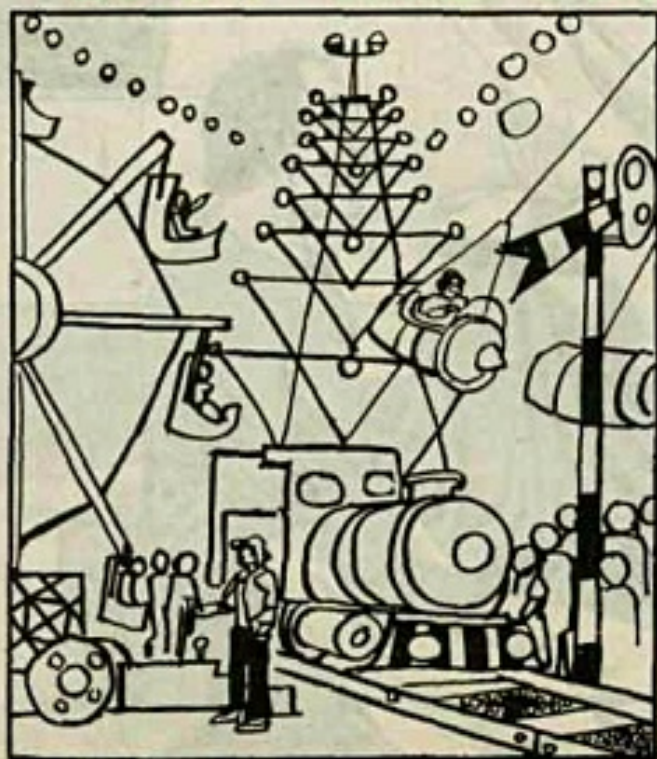
"You said that the ghost were not harmful. But see what they have done to me!" Seshadri replied.

"I had spoken the truth. If

the ghosts harmed you that is because they perhaps thought that you were harmful to us!" replied the old man.

Seshadri kept quiet. But despite the host's request to him to stay on for the festival, he left for his village immediately, even without removing the stains from his clothes!

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





Ravana was vexed at what he heard from the demonesses. He asked some of his ablest soldiers to go and capture or kill Hanuman.

The troop advanced towards the Asoca garden. The surprise of the demon soldiers knew no bound when they beheld the luminous person of Hanuman. However, they surrounded him.

Before they could decide upon their next step, Hanuman beat his tail on the ground and flexed his muscles and announced in a thunderous voice, "Victory to Rama, Lakshmana and Sugriva. I am Hanuman, the son of the god of wind and a servant of Rama. I am one who can crush the demons like

ants. That is what I am about to do. I will reduce this city to dust and then bowing down to Mother Sita, will return to my master, Rama."

The demons were awe-struck. They would have loved to escape with their life. But they knew that Ravana would not pardon them if they did so. They girded up their loins and discharged arrows aiming at Hanuman. Hanuman bled and that made him look even more terrible.

Hanuman picked up a huge iron mace that lay near the garden gate and smashed the demon soldiers to death in a moment. Only a few of them could run away to report about it to Ravana.



Ravana was aghast. He called Jamvumali, the brave son of Prahasta, a renowned demon hero, and asked him to proceed to capture the strange Vanara.

In the meanwhile Hanuman's eyes fell on a grand castle near the garden. Instead of sitting idle, he thought it proper to destroy the castle. He began uprooting the massive pillars and the castle crumbled down. The guards of the castle made an attempt at putting forth resistance. But in vain. Hanuman destroyed them along with the castle.

Soon Jamvumali, riding a chariot drawn by asses, reached the spot and instantly attacked

Hanuman. Hanuman hurled a big boulder at him. But Jamvumali stopped it midway by his arrow. Hanuman uprooted a few trees and threw them aiming at the demon. But Jamvumali was able to divert the course of these missiles by the dint of his arrows.

At last Hanuman threw the mace at him with a great force. That did the job. Jamvumali, his chariot and the asses, all met their end!

The news reached Ravana soon. He bit his lips in anger and sent his minister's seven sons who had been known for their valour to do the needful. They proceeded in chariots drawn by smart horses.

As soon as they saw Hanuman from distance, they started showering arrows on him. Hanuman leaped up to the sky and steering himself clear of the arrows, harassed them with blows and kicks. His angry shouts panicked them and soon they were hardly in a condition to fight. Each one of the seven heroes fell one after another in rapid succession.

Ravana was stunned. But he lost no time in calling five of his commanders, namely, Virupaksha, Yupaksha, Dur-

dhara, Pradhasa and Bhavakarna and told them, "Proceed with chariots and elephants and capture the creature. No doubt he is very powerful. I am afraid, he is neither a Vanara nor a man. He must be a supernatural being, sent by Indra to give us trouble. I know Vali, Sugriva, Jamvaban, Neela, Dwividha and other Vanara heroes. None among them can be compared to this stranger. So, be on your guard and fight to his finish!"

The five commanders armed themselves with choice weapons, animals and chariots, and hurried to confront Hanuman. Soon a fierce battle ensued.

Hanuman leaped to the sky again and again thereby foiling the enemy's attempts at taking aim at him. But among the commanders was Durdhara, a great archer. His arrows struck Hanuman even when he was in the sky.

Furious, Hanuman took a great leap and descended on Durdhara's chariot. Durdhara breathed his last along with his eight horses. His chariot became a heap of scraps.

Hanuman soon uprooted a mighty big tree and brought it down on Virupaksha and Yupaksha, killing them instantly. Pradhasa and Bhavakarna rushed at Hanuman desperately. But





Hanuman broke the peak of a hill and killed them by throwing it at them.

Thereafter he returned to the garden wall and waited for the next batch of his adversaries.

Ravana now sent his own son, Aksha, a great warrior, to challenge Hanuman. Aksha proceeded towards the garden forthwith, his golden chariot drawn by eight horses who could fly!

At the sight of Hanuman Aksha could realise that Lanka, for the first time, was facing the challenge of a very unusual nature. He gathered all his courage and skill and attacked Hanuman with a

number of powerful arrows shot at once. Hanuman leaped into the sky. Aksha pursued him in the sky with his flying chariot.

Hanuman realised that Aksha was a brave young demon. He suddenly dragged him out of his chariot. Then, holding him by his legs, whirled him in the air before hurling him away. This finished the young hero.

This proved a severe blow to Ravana. He controlled his emotions and calling Meghnad, another son of his, said, "The Vanara has killed several demon heroes and even your brother, Aksha. I want you to fight with him, but only after you have ascertained his strength carefully. I know how you can fight with calm calculation. You have even defeated some gods. Now, approach him alone. If you take soldiers with you, there will be confusion. I have great faith in your capacity."

Meghnad bowed to his father and reached the entrance of the Asoca garden taking rapid strides.

Hanuman roared at the sight of his advancing adversary. As soon as Meghnad attacked him with arrows, he took great leaps into the sky and avoided

them. Meghnad was disappointed to see none of his arrows touching the Vanara. Instead of trying to kill him, he decided to imprison him. He applied the most powerful weapon that was at his disposal—the Weapon of Brahma. Hanuman felt benumbed and fell on the ground.

Hanuman knew that he could free himself from the effect of this weapon if he so wished, for, he had received the boon from Brahma that no weapon could ever vanquish him. But he decided to remain under the spell of the weapon for a while. He did not invoke the boon. He knew that it would be possible for him to have some idea about Ravana, his court and the strength of the demons if he remained as their prisoner for some time.

When the demons found Hanuman lying quiet, they rushed forward and bound him with strong ropes. As soon as they did that, the effect of the Weapon of Brahma became nullified. Meghnad alone knew that while the enemy was under the effect of the Weapon of Brahma, he was not to be subjected to any inferior kind of bondage. Meghnad was sad



at the ignorant action of the enthusiastic demon mob.

Hanuman was led by the demons towards Ravana's court. On the way the demons tried to humiliate him by beating him with sticks, scratching him and giving him blows.

When Hanuman reached the court, Meghnad announced, "Here is the Vanara who wrought a havoc by destroying gardens, castles and a number of demons!"

The courtiers of Ravana surveyed him with surprise. They asked each other in whispers, "Whence came this mighty Vanara? What is the purpose of his visit?"



Hanuman looked at Ravana and his courtiers with contempt and stood in silence. With glaring eyes, Ravana instructed his minister to put a certain question to the prisoner. Asked the minister, "Vanara! Tell us, what brought you here? Who sent you?"

"I am the emissary of Sugriva,

the king of Vanaras. I am here at his instruction," replied Hanuman.

Ravana told Prahashta, "Ask him why he is here and what was his motive in destroying our gardens and houses. Moreover, what inspired him to fight with the demons and kill them?"

— CONTD.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





Krishna Deva Raya, the emperor of Vijayanagar, was a great lover of art and literature. He made generous rewards to poets and scholars who frequented his court. In the capital lived a Brahmin named Ram Sharma. He was no special scholar, but he had very high opinion of himself! When he saw many poets visiting the court and reciting their compositions and returning with rich rewards, he too became desirous of bagging a reward.

He put in a good deal of labour and composed a poem. He had no doubt that his poem was equal to all the poems he had read, in quality and sweetness. He then lost no time in paying a visit to the emperor's court. He introduced himself as a very gifted poet and read out his poem in as loud a voice as he could.

The emperor was a poet himself. He had also a sharp criti-

cal mind. It did not take him long to realise that Ram Sharma was no poet at all. What he had written was a piece of pompous verse devoid of any true inspiration. However, the emperor did not wish to hurt Sharma's sentiment. He handed him a purse containing some money which was not much!

Ram Sharma felt disappointed. His disappointment soon changed into anger. Outside the court there was a waiting room where several people sat. Sharma commented before them in a caustic tone, "The king is not impartial. To some poets he gives a lot of money. To me he gave a pittance. Why should he do like that? All poems are same!" The emperor heard the comment and was sad. But his minister whispered something in his ear and that made him smile.

Next day two pedlars called at Ram Sharma's house. "We

have excellent *sarees* for sale. Punditji, are you interested?"

Sharma's wife desired to have a silk *saree* for quite some time. She requested her husband to call the pedlars in. When the pedlars displayed their ware, Sharma's wife picked up a blue *saree* which was of pure silk. Sharma, however, was attracted towards a yellow *saree* which looked gorgeous. "What are the prices of these two *sarees*?" asked Sharma. "Hundred rupees each," replied the pedlars. At that Sharma's wife protested, "You cannot deceive me. The blue one is pure silk, but the yellow one is not. How can you demand hundred rupees for the yellow one too which is much inferior?"

"Indeed, how can you demand the same price for two *sarees* of different quality?" Sharma said in support of his

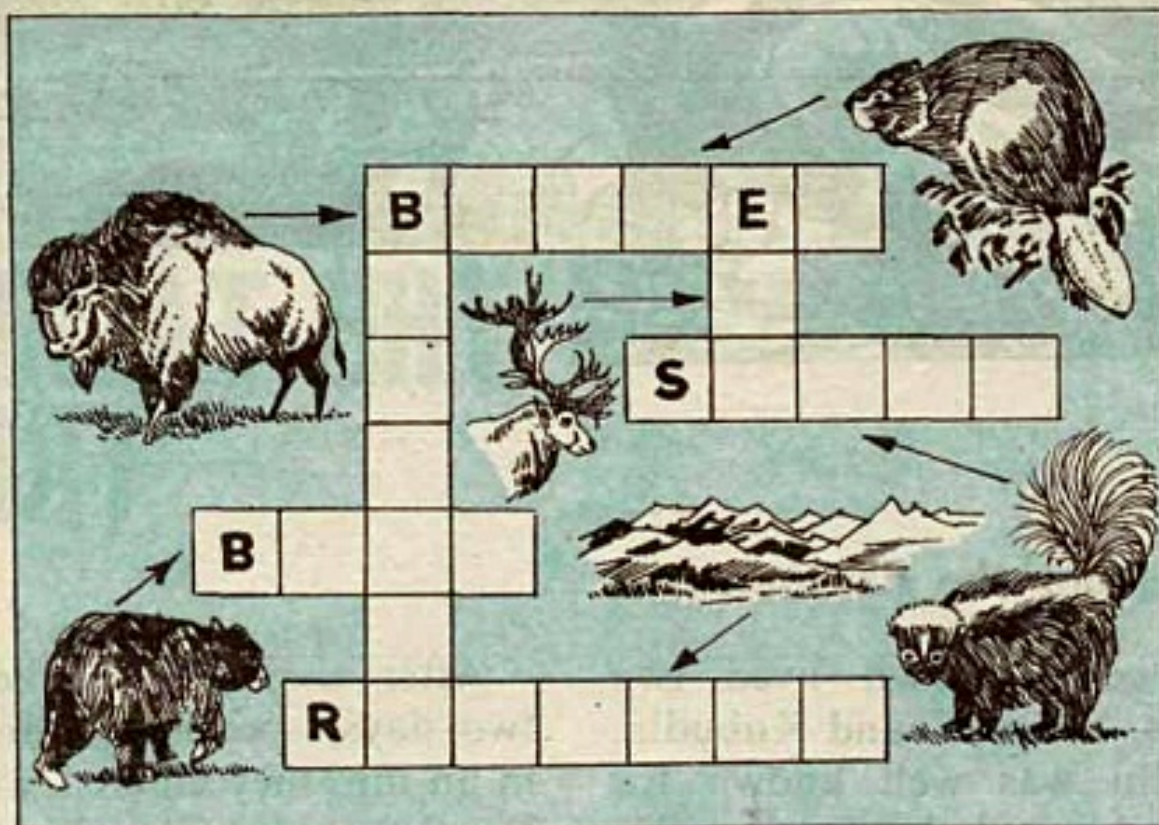
wife. "Well, Sharmaji, if all poems could be same, why not all the *sarees*? A *saree* is a *saree* just as any poem is a poem!" said one of the pedlars.

Ram Sharma instantly remembered his own comments at the emperor's court. He felt embarrassed. But he did not understand how these pedlars could know what he had said in the emperor's waiting room. He gazed at the pedlars attentively. They smiled. The smiles seemed quite familiar. The pedlars then took off their false beards: Sharma could not speak for a while when he saw the emperor and his minister standing before him. When Sharma could find his speech, he apologised for his previous day's behaviour. The king and his minister spoke kindly to him and presented all the *sarees* they had carried to his wife.

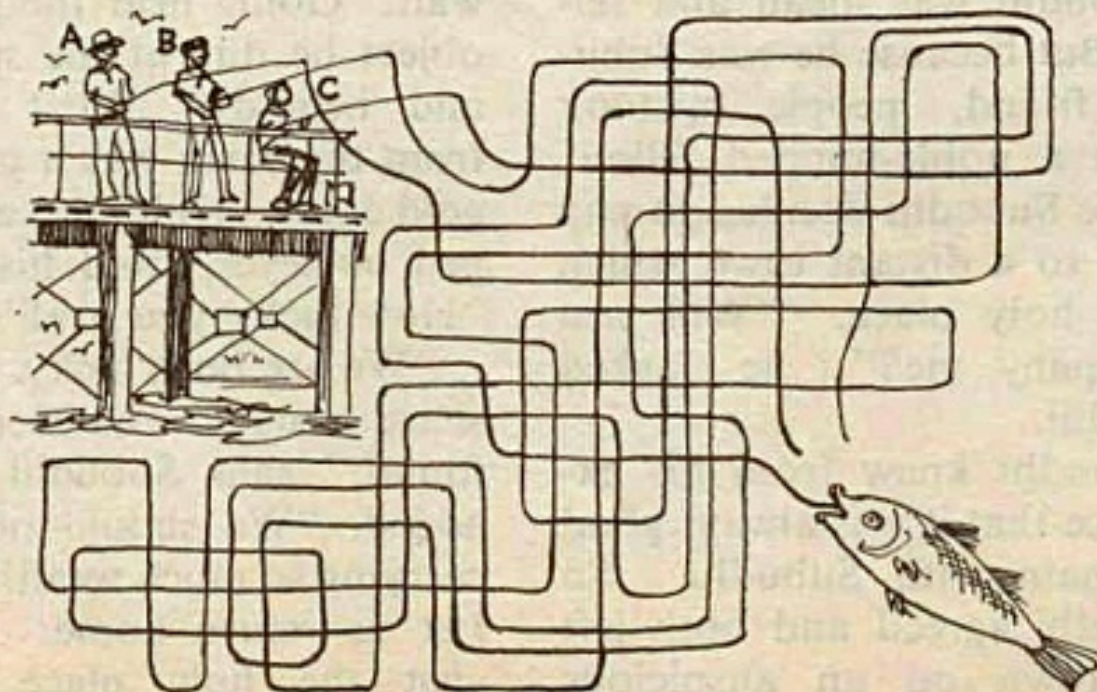


PUZZLE TIME

1. All the clues in this crossword are the names of animals and places in Canada.



2. Try and guess which of these three fishermen has caught the fish before tracing down each line. Turn to Page 56 for the answers





THE TALKING TREE!

Tales from the Panchatantra

In a certain town lived two friends, Subudhi, and Kubudhi. Subudhi was well known for his piety and kindness. He spent most part of the wealth he earned in helping needy people.

Kubudhi was mean and selfish. But because he was Subudhi's friend, people mistook him as a noble-minded fellow.

Once Subudhi decided to pay a visit to a distant town which was a holy place. "Will you accompany me?" he asked Kubudhi.

Kubudhi knew from his experience that it was always good to remain with Subudhi. So he gladly agreed and both left their town on an auspicious day.

After they had walked for two days, spending their night in an inn, they entered a forest. It was evening. Casually looking at the foot of an ant-hill, Subudhi could see something glittering. He asked his friend to wait. Going near the glittering object he dug at the spot. Lo and behold! What emerged from the earth was a jar full of gold coins. Kubudhi, with popped out eyes, told his friend, "How lucky you are!"

"We are both lucky. We will share equally whatever I have found," said Subudhi and he added, "We should not travel carrying so much wealth with us. Let us return home. We can visit the holy place another time."

Kubudhi was too glad to give his consent to this proposal.

There was a small forest on the outskirts of their home town. When the two friends came there, they sat down and counted the coins. They numbered a thousand.

"Let us take five hundred each," said Subudhi.

"No," said Kubudhi, "Let us take only a hundred each. We can keep the jar with the rest of the wealth buried in this forest. When we would need more money, we could come here again and dig out the jar and take out what we need."

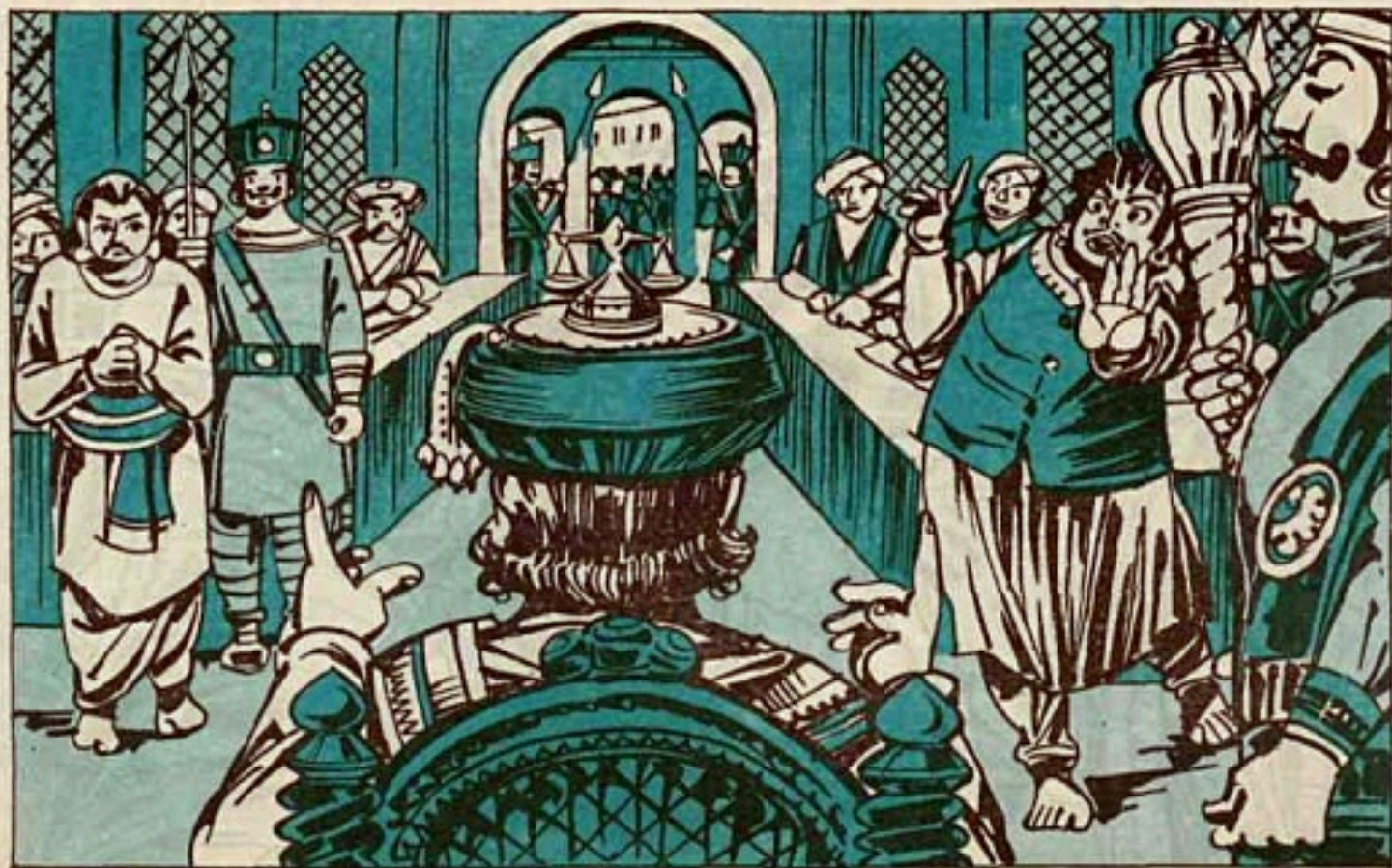
"That is a nice idea," obser-

ved Subudhi, "The wealth would be surely safer here."

So, they buried the jar containing eight hundred gold mohurs under an old banian tree.

A month later Subudhi asked Kubudhi to accompany him again in his journey to the holy town. But Kubudhi declined, saying that he had much work to do at home.

Soon after Subudhi left, Kubudhi entered the forest and took out all the coins from the jar. Subudhi returned a month later. He had exhausted all his money. He proposed to Kubudhi that they bring out another instalment of a hun-



dred coins each from the hidden jar.

"Why not," said Kubudhi and both went into the forest and dug out the jar. To his horror, Subudhi saw that it was empty. But before he could give vent to his surprise, Kubudhi shouted at him, "You dishonest fellow! You must have taken away the wealth and hidden it somewhere else when you were out of the town under the pretext of going on a pilgrimage!"

Subudhi, naturally, denied the allegation. Both went to the local judge. The judge heard the case with patience,

but he was at a loss to know who could have been the guilty one.

"My lord! No third person knew anything about the hidden property. One of us two must have been the thief. The question is who is the one. I say, it is Subudhi. True, I have not seen him in the process of stealing. But, surely, my friend could not have done anything hiding from the invisible gods of the forest!" said Kubudhi eloquently.

"I wish, one of the gods could speak out the truth!" mused the judge.

"My lord! I am sure, if I



appeal to the god of the banian tree at the foot of which we had buried the jar, he will speak out the truth!" declared Kubudhi.

"Do you think he will? That would be wonderful!" said the judge with a sense of relief and curiosity.

It was decided that they all would proceed to the forest early in the morning the next day.

Accordingly, the judge, his clerks and his bodyguards were led into the forest by Kubudhi at the appointed hour. Subudhi was obliged to follow them.

Near the tree Kubudhi shouted, "O Spirit of the tree! I appeal to you, tell the honorable judge the truth. Who stole away the buried wealth? Subudhi or Kubudhi?"

To the great surprise of the judge and others, a solemn voice was heard from the tree, as if emerging from its trunk. It said, "It is of course Subudhi who stole the wealth!"

The judge was thrilled to hear this. He asked his guards to take hold of Subudhi.

But Subudhi had in the meanwhile made up his mind about the course of action he was to follow. He stood before the judge with folded hands and



said, "My lord! How can I have the cheek to deny what the Spirit of the tree has said? Indeed, I stole the wealth!"

"Where have you kept it?" demanded the judge in a stern voice.

"I hoarded it inside the hollow of this tree, thinking that I will take it out later. But I have not been able to touch it since then because there is a cobra inside the hollow. I am willing to bring out the wealth in your presence. But in order to do that, first we must scare the cobra away," said Subudhi.

"That is easy," observed the



judge. He instructed his men to collect dry leaves and heap them on the hollow of the tree. After that was done, Subudhi put fire to the heap.

Kubudhi had started trembling in the meanwhile. The judge became suspicious and asked his people to see that he did not escape.

Soon, with a piercing cry of agony, an old man jumped out from the hollow of the tree. He had already lost his eyesight in the fire!

"What is this? What sort of spirit is this?" the judge uttered in great surprise.

"No spirit, my lord! I am the

unfortunate father of Kubudhi. I had to hide here at his pleading to deceive you. I must speak out the truth now that I am dying. It is Kubudhi who is the thief," said the old man. Before long he breathed his last.

The gold coins were duly recovered from Kubudhi's house. Kubudhi was imprisoned.

The judge told Subudhi, "My son! Be careful in choosing friends!"

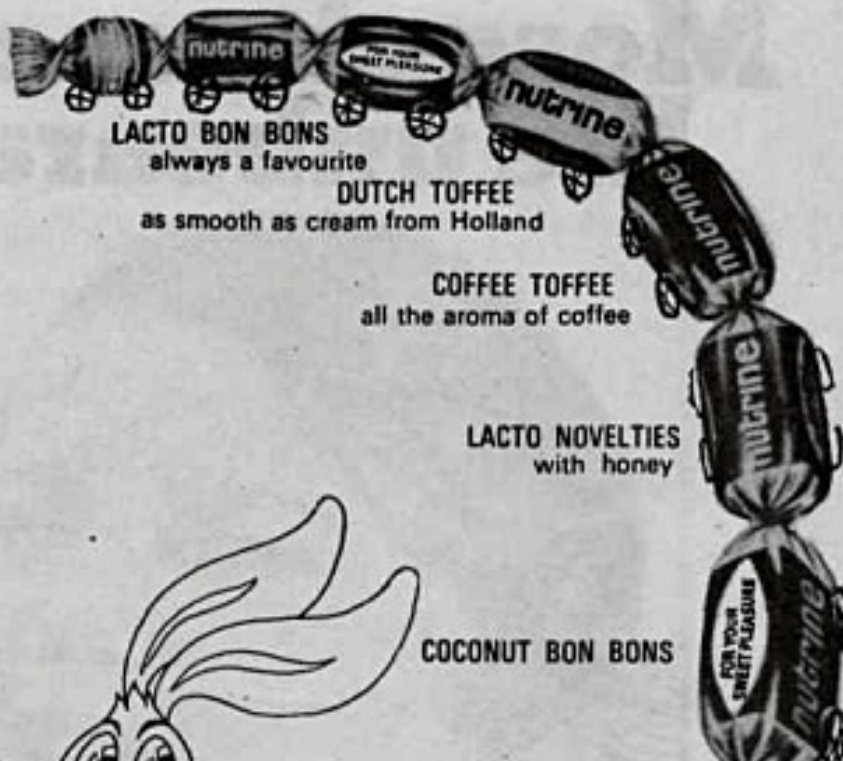
"My lord! I am not wise enough to do that. But I believe, the truth comes out all right, sooner or later," replied Subudhi.

PUZZLE TIME

ANSWERS

1. ACROSS: Beaver, Skunk, Boar, Rockies DOWN: Buffalo, Elk

2. Fisherman 'B'



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RAJU & THE TALKING CAMEL



Once there was a little boy called Raju who loved to paint. But his mother wouldn't give him water colours because he would spill water everywhere.

One day Raju saw a funny camel in his picture book. "I wish I could draw this camel," Raju thought. Suddenly the camel in the book spoke.

"Of course you can draw me," he said. "How?" Raju asked.

"With Camel Wax Crayons and Oil Pastels." "Won't I need water?" Raju asked.

"Not at all," said the camel "Just pull them out of the box and draw. Many, many colours."

Now Raju has his own Camel Wax Crayons and Oil Pastels. So far he has drawn a camel, a bear, a car, a horse, and a tree

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Ram & Shyam on a holiday again -
this time, travelling
on a luxury plane



Hallo, somebody spoils
their fun: it's a hijacker
with an ugly gun



"Let us follow him and see,
of what little help we can be"



The crook feels a 'gun'
in his back - it's clever
Ram with a poppins pack



The pilot quickly takes the gun -
the crook, unarmed, is on the run



Ram & Shyam have saved the day.
'poppins the hero' does everyone say.



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